

Juxtaposition

CieraDarlene

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Summary:

No, they wouldn't change a thing. Stanley wouldn't change the fact that Richie tears his clothing off and tosses them haphazardly around the room before they get into bed, or how they never even make their bed. Richie wouldn't change the fact that he's nagged at least once a day to put something away or clean something up. Because it's balanced. It's a juxtaposition, sure, but it's balanced. And they need that. Both of them.

Juxtaposition

Author's Note:

I just wanted to write domestic Stozier okay.

The world is full of unlikely happenings. Whether it be sun showers, or the term 'the calm before the storm'. Or maybe it was the unlikely pairing of Richie Tozier and Stanley Uris. From the outside looking in, it could almost be perceived that Stanley hated Richie. Richie was a loud, walking disaster, while Stanley was a soft spoken boy of order.

Though, anyone who knew them said it was bound to happen sooner or later. It ended up being later. What, with the shooting glares followed by half smirks, or playful taunts, anyone could see there was something between them. However, no one was really sure what it was they had.

The two had grown up together, best friends from the get go. Richie admired everything about Stanley, and he saw in him what he wished he could be. He loved Stanley despite the fact that he was Richie's polar opposite. As for Stanley, he saw a chaos in Richie that he was strangely drawn to in the face of his desperate need for control.

It was an accident, them getting together. Everyone thought it'd be Eddie that Richie would end up with, if any of them. But Stanley made sense - to them at least. He evened Richie out. Eddie was another ounce of chaos to Richie's life. He needed that control, that sanity, that Stan brought. Stanley, on the other hand, needed that bit of recklessness. The chance to let loose, to not care. Though it made him feel physically ill at times, it was a freeing experience.

But at 19, living in their own run down apartment, neither of them wouldn't change a thing.

It was late morning on a Saturday, their only day off because they still went to temple on Sundays. Stan lying on his side, facing the window, Richie pressed up against his back, arm loosely draped over Stan's waist. Stanley wakes up first, like he usually did, but he'd remain in bed, taking in Richie's warmth - he was like a human space heater. Almost as if Richie could feel Stan stirring, Richie's arm wraps tighter around Stan, pulling him closer and buries his nose into Stan's curly hair.

Their bedroom is a disaster, but Stanley's given up on trying to keep it clean because two weeks after he would, it'd revert to its usual state thanks to Richie. The same goes for almost every other area in their apartment, except for the kitchen which Stanley is adamant about keeping tidy. Again, though, he wouldn't change a thing. (Although he might change the fact that Richie always forgets to close the bread box).

On the back of his neck, Stanley feels Richie pressing sleepy, lazy kisses. The hairs on his nape raise, and his spine tingles. Richie's grip loosens, and his hand flattens on Stan's chest.

"Morning," Stanley mumbles.

Richie takes a deep breath, inhaling Stan's scent (He smells like pine). "Good morning." He sighs, his voice coated heavily in sleep. Stan loves it.

Saturday mornings are a shared favourite in their home. They're the calmest. Neither of them work, nor do they have to get up. No rush. Just calm. It's calm as Stanley rolls over to face Richie, looking at his face, admiring his big dark eyes without Richie's glasses obstructing them. He was pretty. Stan always thought Richie was. Even when he'd turn his nose up in disgust anytime Richie would touch him when they were in school.

Richie closes the space between them, pressing a lazy, open mouth kiss onto Stanley. Stanley inhales as Richie's lips press against his open, pushing closer to Richie, their bare chests touching. His hand traces up Richie's freckled arm, making Richie shiver, until they came up to his neck, where he wraps his arms, pulling Richie closer - if that were even possible.

Surprisingly, it's Richie who breaks the kiss. He remains close, though, touching their noses together.

"Have I ever told you that you look beautiful in the morning?" Richie asks softly.

"Only every morning." Stanley retorts, rolling his eyes, even though his heart had fluttered.

Richie chuckles, kissing Stanley again.

Who would've known that the trashmouth also was a secret sweetheart. Though Richie would probably die if anyone knew it.

Stan detangles himself from Richie, despite the many protests of his boyfriend. He throws on a sweater and turns to Richie.

“I’m going to put some coffee on.” He says, and takes a moment to admire Richie.

He’s shifted to lie on his back, arms crossed behind his head, his hair - which is in desperate need of a trim - cascades over the pillow under him. The blankets rest above his hips, but his leg hangs off the edge of their bed.

“You’re real husband material, Uris.” Richie says lovingly.

Again, Stanley rolls his eyes and leaves to go put on a pot of coffee like he said. Moments later, Richie follows into the kitchen, draping himself over Stanley as he stands next to the coffee pot.

“Personal space, Trashmouth.” He sighs, even though he loves how clingy Richie is in the morning.

“Never heard of it.” Richie mumbles against Stan’s shoulder.

“Kind of like you’ve never heard of putting away your dishes?” Stan teases, pointing to the dishes in the sink.

Richie groans and detaches himself from Stanley to wash his dishes.

No, they wouldn't change a thing. Stanley wouldn't change the fact that Richie tears his clothing off and tosses them haphazardly around the room before they get into bed, or how they never even make their bed. Richie wouldn't change the fact that he's nagged at least once a day to put something away or clean something up. Because it's balanced. It's a juxtaposition, sure, but it's balanced. And they need that. Both of them.